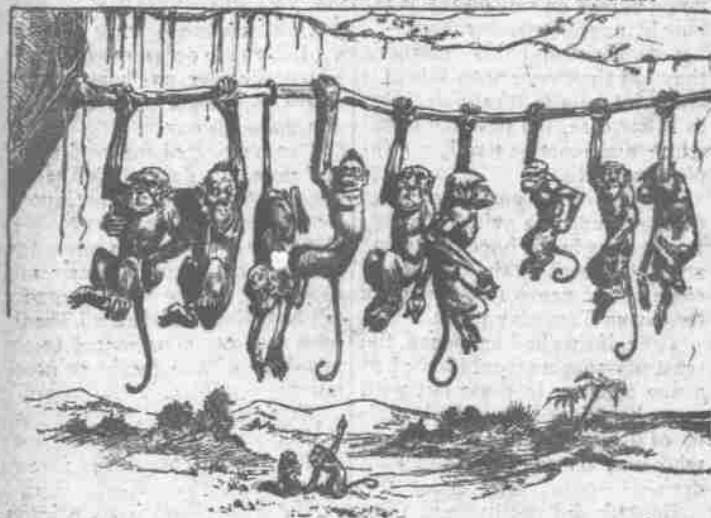


is exactly the same except that out here, and the printers the ones
the pressmen are the ones locked called on to stand by them.

THE FOREFATHERS OF THE STRAP HANGER



OLD STUFF.

Here comes Mistress April
Breeze,
Soft and sweet and tender,
Sort of crooning to the trees
In their vernal splendor,
Through the window then in glee
Lightsomely she dances,
Waking in the heart of me
Dreams and glad romances.

Work is clean forgot while I
With my spirits lifting,
Watch, across the azure sky,
All the white clouds drifting:
See them take a thousand forms
With enchantment teeming,

While the April sunshine warms
And I sit here, dreaming.

If you've ever felt the thrill
Of this April weather,
Breathed its magic to your fill,
Loved it altogether,
If you've known the lures of
spring
As you ought to know 'em,
You'll forgive me while I sing
This here April poem.

Poker Term.

Mrs. Taylor—What's that say-
ing about the watched pot, Bob?
A watched pot—
Mr. Taylor (absently)—A
watched pot is seldom shy.